

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS. EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER," AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 72.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## THE WATCHMAKER. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

DAVID DRYBURGH was the head watchmaker in the old burgh of Caverton, and a very good watchmaker he was; at least I never knew one who could better make a charge, and draw out a neat and specious bill. Every watch that went to him to clean required a new mainspring at least, and often new jewels for pivots to the fly-wheel, or a new chain or hairspring; or, if the owner had a very simple look, his watch needed all these together.

But experience teacheth fools wisdom. David, for all his good workmanship and handsome charges, never had one sixpence to polish another; so, after due consideration, he said to himself one day, "This will never do! I must have a wife! There is no respectability to be obtained in this world without a wife! No riches, no comfort, without a wife! I'll have one, if there is one to be had in this town for love or money. Money! God bless the mark! I'll not have a lady. No, no; I'll not have a lady; I never could find out what these creatures called ladies were made for. It could not be for mothers of families, for not one of them can nurse a child; and it is a queer thing if our Maker made so many handsome elegant creatures just to strum upon a piano, eat fine meat, an' wear braw claes. No, no! Before I married a lady, I would rather marry a tinkler. I'll marry Peg Ketchen. She can put a hand to every thing; and if any body can lay by something for a sore foot or a rainy day, I think Peg's that woman. I'll ask Peg. If she refuse, I have no less than I have."

David went that very evening, and opened his mind to Peg Ketchen. "Peg, I have taken it into my head to have a wife to keep me decent, sober, and respectable, and I'm going to make you the first offer."

"Thank you, sir; I'm singularly obliged to you. Only you may save yourself the trouble of making such an offer to me; for of all characters, a confirmed drunkard is the one that I dread most. You are a Sabbath-breaker; I know that. You are a profane swearer; I know that also. From these I think I could wean you; but a habitual drunkard it is out of the power of woman or man to reclaim. Oh, I would not be buckled to such a man for the world! As lang as Will Dunlop, or Jamie Inglis, or John Cheap, needed a dram, your last penny would go for it."

"It is ower true you say, Peg, my bonny woman. But ye ken I can work weel, an' charge fully as weel; an' gin ye were to take the management o' the proceeds, as the writers ca't, I think things wad do better. Therefore, take a walk into the country with me on Sunday."

"Did ever ony leevin' hear the like o' that! preserve us a' to do weel an' right; the man's a heathen, an', I declare, just rinnin' to the deil wi' his een open. Wad ye hae me to profane the Sabbath-day, gaun rakin' athwart the country wi' a chap like you? Heigh-wow! I wad be come to a low metee ther! What wad the auld wives be sayin' to the lads an' I were to do that? I can tell you what they wad be sayin', 'What think ye o' your bonny Peg Ketchen now? When she should hae been at the kirk, like a decent lass, serving her Maker, she has been awa' flirtin' the hale Sunday wi' a drunken profligate, wha bilkit his auld uncle, an' sang himsel' hame frae London wi' a tied-up leg, like a broken sailor.' Ha, ha, Davie! I ken ye, lad."

"Now, you are rather too hard on me, Peg; I am proffering you the greatest honour I have in my power to bestow."

"The greatest dishonour, you mean."

No. 20. VOL. II.

"You know I am as good a tradesman as is in Scotland."

"The mair's the pity! And wha's the best drinker i' Scotland? For it will lie aween you an' John Henderson and Will Dunlop; for, as for Tam Stalker, he's no ance to be compared wi' you."

"But, Peg, my woman—my dear, bonny woman—hear me speak, will you?"

"No, no, David, I winna hear ye speak; sae dinna try to lead me into a scrape, for I tell you again, as I tauld ye already, that of a' characters i' the world a confirmed drunkard is the most dangerous that a virtuous young woman can be connectit wi'. Depend on it, the heat o' your throat will soon burn the claes aff your back; an' how soon wad it burn them off mine too!—for, ye ken, a woman's claes are muckle easier brunt than a man's. Sae, gang your ways to the changehouse, an' tak a dram wi' Will Dunlop; ye'll be a great deal the better o't. An', hear ye, dinna come ony mair to deave me wi' your love, and your offers o' marriage; for, there's my hand, I sall never court or marry wi' you. I hae mair respect for mysel' than that comes to."

Was not Peg a sensible girl? I think she was. I still think she must naturally have been a shrewd girl; but no living can calculate what a woman will do when a man comes in the question. There is a feeling of dependence and subordination about their guileless hearts, in reference to the other sex, that can be wound up to any thing, either evil or good. Peg was obliged to marry David, after all her virtuous resolutions. The very night of the wedding he got drunk; and poor Peg, seeing what she had brought herself to, looked in his face with the most pitiful expression, while his drunken cronies made game of him, and were endless in their jests on "Benedict the married man." Peg saw the scrape she had brought herself into, but retreat was impracticable: so she resolved to submit to her fate with patience and resignation, and to make the most of a bad bargain that she could.

And a bad bargain she has had of it, poor woman, apparently having lost all heart several years ago, and submitted, along with three children, to pine out life in want and wretchedness. The wedding booze increased David's thirst so materially, that it did not subside, night or day, for nearly a fortnight, until a kind remonstrance, mixed with many tears, from his young wife, made him resolve to turn over a new leaf. So away David went into the country, and cleaned all the people's clocks early in the morning before the owners rose, for fear of making confusion or disturbance in the house afterwards:—David was very attentive and obliging that way. Of course the clocks got nothing more than a little oil on the principal wheels; but the charge was always fair and reasonable, seldom exceeding five shillings. Then all the bells in each house required new cranks and new wires. They needed neither, but only a little oil and scrubbing up; but these were a source of considerable emolument. Then he gathered in all the watches of the country which were not going well, cleaned them all, and put in a great many nominal mainsprings, and really would have made a great deal of money, had it not been for the petty changehouses, not one of which he could go by; and when he met with a drouthy crony like Captain Palmer, neither of them would rise while they had a sixpence between them.

But the parish minister of the old burgh of Caverton, though accounted a very parsimonious gentleman himself, had a sincere regard for the welfare of his flock, temporal as well as spiritual; and in his annual

visit he charged every one of them, that, when David did any work for them, they were to pay the wife, and not him. The greater part of them acquiesced; but Wattie Henderson refused, and said, "O, poor soul, ye dinna ken what he has to thole! Ye ken about his drinkin', but ye ken little thing about his drouth."

The shifts that David was now put to for whisky, were often very degrading, but still rather amusing. One day he and Dunlop went in to Mr Mercer's inn, David saying, "I must try to get credit for a Hawick gill or two here to-day, else we'll both perish." They weht in, and called for the whisky. Mercer asked David if he had the money to pay for it? David confessed that he had not, but said Mr Elliot of Dodhope was owing him three-and-sixpence, and as he was in the town that day, he would give him an order on him, if he was afraid of the money coming through his hands. Mr Mercer said he would never desire a better creditor than Gideon, and gave them their three gills of whisky; but on going and presenting his order to Mr Elliot, he found that he had never, in his life, been owing David any thing which he had not paid before he left the house.

Another time he met the clergyman, and said to him, "You have been a great deal of money out of my pouch, sir, wi' your grand moral advices. I think you owe me one-and-sixpence about yon bells—would it be convenient to pay me to-day? I have very much need of it."

"And what are you going to do with it, David? I wish I were owing you ten times the sum; I should know whom to pay it to, for you have a wife and family that are worth looking after; but if you tell me the sterling truth of your necessity, perhaps I may pay you."

"Why, the truth is, sir—look yonder: yonder is Will Dunlop and Jamie Inglis, standing wi' their backs against the wa', very drouthy like. I wad like to gie them something, poor chieles, to drink."

"Now, David, as I am convinced you have told me the sterling truth, and as there is no virtue I value higher, there is your eighteen-pence, although I shall tax myself with the payment of it a second time to Peg."

"God bless you, sir!—God bless you! and may you never want a glass of whisky when you are longing as much for it as I am."

Another day he came up with Will Dunlop, and said, "O man, what hae ye on ye? for I'm just spitting sixpences."

"I have just eighteen-pence," said Dunlop, "which I got from my wife to buy a shoulder of mutton for our dinner; and as it is of her own winning, I dare not part with it, for then, you know, the family would want their dinner."

"It is a hard case any way," said David; "but I think the hardest side of it is, for two men, dying of thirst, to lose that eighteen-pence. Give it to me, and I'll try to make a shift."

Dunlop gave it him, and David went away to Wattie Henderson, an honest, good-natured, simple man, and said that his wife had sent him "for a shoulder of mutton for their dinner, and she has limited me to a sun, you see (showing him the money). If you have a shoulder that suits the price, I must have it."

"We can easily manage that, David," said he; "for see, here is a good cleaver; I can either add or diminish." He cut off a shoulder. "It is too heavy for the money, David; it comes to two-and-four-pence."

"I wad like to hae the shoulder keepit hale, sir, as I suspect my sister is to dine with us to-day. Will you just allow me to carry the mutton over to the

foot of the wynd, and see if Peg be pleased to advance the rest of the price?"

"Certainly," said Mr Henderson; "I can trust your wife with any thing."

David set straight off with the shoulder of mutton to Mrs Dunlop, who declared that she had never got such a good bargain in the flesh-market before; and the two friends enjoyed their three gills of whisky exceedingly. Mr Henderson, wondering that neither the mutton nor the money was returned, sent over a servant to inquire about the matter. Poor Peg had neither ordered nor received the shoulder of mutton; and all that she and her three children had to dine upon, was six potatoes.

"Poor fellow," said Wattie, "if I had kend he had been sae dry, I wad hae wat his whistle to him without ony cheery."

At length there came one very warm September, and the thirst that some men suffered was not to be borne. David felt that in a short time his body would actually break into chinks with sheer drought, and that some shift was positively required to keep body and soul together. Luckily, at that very time a Colonel Maxwell came to the house of John Fairgrieve, an honest, decent man, who had made a good deal of money by care and parsimony, and lived within two or three miles of Caverton. The colonel came with his dog, his double-barrelled gun, and livery servant, and bargained with John, at a prodigiously high board, for himself and servant. He said, as his liberty of shooting lay all around there, he did not care how much board he paid for a few weeks, only John was to be sure to get them the best in the country, both to eat and drink. He did so—laying in wine and spirits, beef and mutton; and the colonel and his servant lived at heck and manger, the one boozing away in the room, and the other in the kitchen, in both of which every one who entered was treated liberally. In the forenoons the colonel thundered among the partridges; but he never killed any, as he was generally drunk from morning to night, and from night to morning.

At length, John's daughter, Joan, a comely and sensible girl, began rather to smell a rat; and she says to her father one day, "Father, dinna ye think this grand cornel o' your's is hardly sickan a polished gentlemanly man as aye wad expect o' ane o' his rank?"

"I dinna ken, Joan; the man's weel enouch if he wadna swear sae whiles, whilk I like unco ill. But there's ae thing that's ayont my comprehension: I wish he may be cannie; for dinna ye hear that our cock begins to craw every night about midnight, an' our hens to cackle as gin they war a' layin' eggs thegither, an' the feint an' egg's among them a'?"

Joan could not repress a laugh; so she turned her back, and took a hearty one, saying, when she recovered her breath, "I think baith master an' man are very uncivil and worthless chaps."

"If either the aye or theither has been unceivil to you, my woman, just tell me sae. Say but the word, an' I'll —"

"Na, na, father; dinna get intil a passion for nae thing. I'll take care o' mysel', if ye can but take care o' yoursel'. It is that that I'm put till't about. Dinna ye think that for a' your outlay ye're unco lang o' fingerin' ony o' their siller?"

John gave a hitch up with his shoulder, as if something had been biting it, rubbed his elbow, and then said, "The siller will answer us as weel when it comes a' in a slump thegither; for then, ye ken, we can pop it into the bank; whereas, if it were coming in every day, or even every week, we might be moetering it away, spending it on this thing an' theither thing."

"Yes, father; but, consider, if ye shoudna get it ava. Is nae the cornel's chaise an' horses standin' over at the Blue Bell?"

"Ay, that they are, an' at ten shillings a-day, too. Gin the cornel warms a very rich man, could he afford to pay that sae lang, think ye?"

"Weel, father, take ye my advice. Gang away ower to Mr Mather, o' the Bell, an' just see what the carriage an' horses are like; for I wadna wonder if ye had to arrest them yet for your expenses. Mr Mather's a gayen auld-farrant chap, and, it is said, kens every man's character the first time he hears him speak. He'll tell you at aince what kind o' man your grand cornel is. And by a' means, father, tak a good look o' the carriage an' the horses, that ye may ken them again, like."

John knew that his daughter Joan was a shrewd sensible lassie; so, without more expostulation, he put on his Sunday clothes, went away to the old burgh of Caverton, and called on Mr Mather. No! there were no carriage nor horses there belonging to a Colonel Maxwell, nor ever had been. This was rather astounding news to John; but what astounded him more was a twinkling blink from the wick of Mr Mather's wicked black eye, and an ominous shake of his head. "Pray tell me this, John," said Mr Mather: "does this grand colonel of yours ever crow like a cock, or cackle like a laying hen?"

John's jaws fell down. "It's verra extrordner how ye should hae chanced to speer that question at me, sir," said he; "for the truth is, that, sin' ever that man came to our house, our cock has begun a crawin' at midnight, an' a' our hens a-cackling, as the hale o' them had been layin' eggs, an' yet no an egg among them a'."

"Ah, John, ye may drink to your expenses and board-wages, then; for I heard of a certain gentle-

man being amissing out of this town for a while past; and I likewise heard that he had borrowed a hunting-jacket, a dog, and a gun, from John Henderson."

John went away home in very great wrath, resolved, I believe, to throttle the colonel and his servant both; but they had been watching his motions that day, and never returned to his house more, neither to crow like cocks, cackle like hens, drink whisky, or pay for their board and lodging."

Tom Brown was very angry at David about this, and reproved him severely for taking in an honest industrious old man. "But, dear man, what could a body do?" said David. "A man canna dee for thirst if there's ony thing to be had to drink either for love or money."

"But you should have wrought for your drink yoursel', David."

"Wrought for my drink? An' what at, pray? A' the house bells were gaun janglin' on, like broken pots, in their usual way; there wasna even the mainspring of a watch wanting. And as for the clocks, they just went on, tick-for-tick, tick-for-tick, with the most tedious and provoking monotony. I couldna think of a man, in the whole country, who didna ken my face, but John; an' I kend he was as able to keep me a wee while as any other body. An' what's the great matter? I'll clean his watch an' his clock to him as lang as he lives, an' never charge him ony thing, gin it be nae a new mainspring whiles, an' we'll maybe come nearly equal again."

The last time I saw Peg Ketchen—what a change! From one of the sprightliest girls in the whole country, she is grown one of the most tawdry, miserable-looking objects. There is a hopeless dejection in her looks, which I never saw equalled; and I am afraid, that, sometimes when she has it in her power, she may take a glass herself, and even get a basting, for no man can calculate what a drunken man will do.

Now, though I have mixed two characters together in these genuine and true sketches, my reason for thus publishing them is to warn and charge every virtuous maiden, whatever she does, never to wed with a habitual drunkard. A virtuous woman may reclaim a husband from almost every vice but that; but that will grow upon him to his dying day; and if she outlive him, he will leave her a penniless and helpless widow. It is well known the veneration I have for the fair sex, and I leave them this charge as a legacy, lest I should not be able to address them again.

#### LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

##### THE APOCRYPHA.

HAVING given an account of the origin and literary characteristics of the accredited and usually accepted books composing the Old and New Testament, we now proceed to offer a few details relative to those books styled the APOCRYPHA, a branch of the subject possessed of considerable interest, and which we shall treat in the same measure of impartiality.

The term *Apocrypha* is Greek, signifying *hidden* or *concealed*, and is used to designate a number of books, often placed between the Old and New Testament, or otherwise bound up with them. Some writers divide the sacred books into three classes, viz., the canonical, the ecclesiastical, and the apocryphal. In the first, they place those whose authority has never been questioned in the Catholic or Universal Church; in the second, those which were not received at first, but which were nevertheless read in the public assemblies, as books that were useful, though they never placed them upon the same footing of authority as the former; and in the third, they placed the books which were of no authority, which could not be made to appear in public, but were kept *hidden*, and were, therefore, called *apocryphal*, that is, *concealed*, or such as could not be used in public. "Let us lay aside those books which have been called *apocryphal*," says St Augustine, "because their authors were not known to our fathers, who have, by a constant and certain succession, transmitted down to us the authority and truth of the Holy Scriptures. Though some things in these apocryphal books are true, yet as there are in them multitudes of others which are false, they are of no authority."

The Apocrypha consists of *fourteen* books, viz. First and Second Esdras, Tobit, Judith, the rest of the chapters of the Book of Esther, the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the Song of the Three Holy Children, the History of Susanna, the Story of Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, and the First and Second Book of the Maccabees. Every attentive reader must perceive that these books want the majesty of inspired scripture; and that there are in them a variety of things wicked, false, and disagreeing with the oracles of God. None of them were ever found in the proper Hebrew tongue; and they were never received into the canon of scripture by the Jews, to whom the oracles of God were originally committed. They were partly read in private by the an-

cient Christians, as useful; but they did not admit them into the canon of Scripture. None of them are found in the catalogue of the canonical books by Melita, bishop of Sardis, in the second century; nor does Origen in the third, or Epiphanius in the fourth, in the least acknowledge their authenticity. One or two of the writers of them, also, ask pardon if they have said any thing amiss; which clearly shows that they were not inspired, or at least did not consider themselves to be so: and, therefore, these books can by no means be considered as having a title to form part of the word of God. A very simple analysis of the books themselves will be sufficient to demonstrate this to every attentive mind.

I. It is not known at what time the First Book of Esdras was written, neither is it known who was the author of it; but Prideaux considers it certain that he wrote before the time of Josephus. It was originally to be found only in Greek; and in the Alexandrian manuscript it is placed before the canonical Book of Ezra, and is there called the First Book of Ezra, because the events related in it occurred prior to the return from the Babylonish captivity. In some editions of the Septuagint, it is called the *First Book of the Priest* (meaning Ezra), the authentic book of Ezra being called the second book. In the editions of the Latin vulgate, previous to the Council of Trent, this and the following book are styled the Third and Fourth Books of Esdras, those of Ezra and Nehemiah being entitled the first and second books. This book is chiefly historical, giving an account of the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, the building of the temple, and the re-establishment of divine worship. It is, in fact, nothing but a bad extract of the two last chapters of Chronicles, and the Book of Ezra; and, in a great many instances, it even contradicts these. The author falsely makes Zorobabel a young man in the days of Darius Hystaspes, and Joakim to be his son; whereas he was the son of Joshua, the high priest. He calls Darius king of Assyria, long after that empire was utterly dissolved; and makes some things to be done under Darius which were done under Cyrus.

II. The author of the Second Book of Esdras is likewise unknown. It is supposed to have been originally written in Greek, though the original of it has never been found but in Latin; and there is an Arabic version, differing very materially from it, and having many interpolations. Although the writer personates Ezra, it is manifest, from the style and contents of his book, that he lived long after that celebrated Jewish reformer. He pretends to visions and revelations, but they are so fanciful, indigested, ridiculous, and absurd, that it is clear the Holy Spirit could have no concern in the dictating of them. He believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and that the souls of good and wicked men would all be then delivered out of hell. A great many rabbinical fables occur in this book, particularly the account of the six days' creation, and the story of Behemoth, or Enoch, as it is here called, and Leviathan—two monstrous creatures that are designed as a feast for the elect after the day of resurrection, &c. He says that the ten tribes are gone away into a country which he calls Arsareth, and that Ezra restored the whole body of the Scriptures which had been entirely lost. He also speaks of Jesus Christ and his Apostles in so clear a manner, that the gospel itself is scarcely more explicit. On these accounts, and from the numerous traces of the language of the New Testament, and especially of the Revelation of St John, which are discoverable in this book, several critics have concluded that it was written about the close of the first century, by some converted Jew, who assumed the name of Esdras or Ezra.

III. The Book of Tobit, from the simplicity of the narrative, and the lessons of piety and meekness which it contains, has been always one of the most popular of the apocryphal writings. It was first written in Chaldee by some Babylonian Jew; but there is no authentic information as to his name, or the time when he flourished. It professes to relate the history of Tobit and his family, who were carried into captivity to Nineveh by Salmanneser, being first begun by Tobit, then continued by his son Tobias, and, lastly, finished by some other of the family, and afterwards digested by the Chaldee author into that form in which we now have it. The time of this history ends with the destruction of Nineveh, about 612 years before Christ; but most commentators and critics agree in thinking that the book itself was not written till about 150 or 200 years before Christ. It has been generally looked upon, both by Jews and Christians, as a genuine and true history; but it contains so many rabbinical fictions, and allusions to the Babylonian demonology, that it is much more rational to suppose the whole book an entire fable. It is not probable, that, in the time of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon, the father should live, as is here said, 158 years, and the son 127. It is certain no angel of God could falsely call himself *Azarias, the son of Ananias*, as this writer affirms. The story of Sarah's seven husbands being successively killed on their marriage-night by an evil spirit, and of that spirit's being driven away by the smell and smoke of the roasted heart and liver of a fish, and bound in the uttermost parts of Egypt, or of the angel Raphael's presenting to God the prayers of the saints, with other matters evidently fabulous, are quite sufficient to justify the rejecting of this book entirely from the sacred canon, upon the score of internal evidence alone.



IV. The Book of Judith professes to relate the defeat of the Assyrians by the Jews, through the instrumentality of their countrywoman of this name, who craftily cut off the head of Holofernes, the Assyrian general. This book was originally written in Chaldee by some Jew of Babylon, and was thence translated by St Jerome into the Latin tongue. Dr Prideaux refers this history to the time of Manasseh, king of Judah; Jahn assigns it to the age of the Macabees, and thinks it was written to animate the Jews against the Syrians; but so many geographical, historical, and chronological difficulties attend this book, that Luther, Grotius, and other eminent critics, have considered it rather as a drama or parable than a real history. It has been received into the canon of Scripture by some as being all true; but, on the other hand, it is the opinion of Grotius that it is entirely a parabolical fiction, written in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, when he came into Judea to raise a persecution against the Jewish church, and that the design of it was to confirm the Jews under that persecution, in their hope that God would send a deliverer. According to him, by Judith is meant Judea, which, at the time of this persecution, was like a desolate widow: that her sword means the prayers of the saints; that by Bethulia, the name of the town which was attacked, is meant the temple, or the house of the Lord, which is called in Hebrew *Bethel*. Nabuchodonosor denotes the devil, and the kingdom of Assyria the devil's kingdom, pride. Holofernes, whose name signifies a *minister of the serpent*, means Antiochus Epiphanes, who was the devil's instrument in that persecution, &c. &c. It is plain, that, in this way, by means of a little ingenuity, any thing may be made of any thing; and such conjectures as these, as an able commentator remarks, however ingenious, are better calculated to exhibit the powers of fancy and the abuse of learning, than to investigate truth, or throw light on what is uncertain and obscure. The noted deliverance mentioned in this book is there said to have happened after the Jews had returned from their captivity, and had rebuilt the temple, and yet it is said to have been in the eighteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar, which is absurd; and it is said that they had no trouble for eighty years or more after this deliverance, which is equally absurd, as the Jews, during any period of their history, or, indeed, any other nation, never enjoyed a peace of such long continuance. It is quite improbable that a small town, as Bethulia is here represented to be, should stand out against so powerful an army, or that the death of the general should have made all the troops betake themselves to a shameful flight. It is certainly wrong, as is done in the case of Judith, to commend a woman as a devout fearer of the Lord, who was guilty of notorious lying, of acting the part of a bawd, of profane swearing, of murder, and of speaking in praise of that committed by the patriarch Simeon, whom she claims as her ancestor.

V. "The rest of the chapters of the Book of Esther, which are found neither in the Hebrew nor in the Chaldee," were originally written in Greek, whence they were translated into Latin, and formed part of the Italic or old Latin version in use before the time of Jerome. Being there annexed to the canonical Book of Esther, they passed without censure, but were rejected by Jerome in his version, because he confined himself to the Hebrew Scriptures, and these chapters never were extant in the Hebrew language. They are evidently the production of a Hellenistic Jew, but are considered both by Jerome and Grotius as a work of pure fiction, which was annexed to the canonical book by way of embellishment. From the coincidence between some of these apocryphal chapters and Josephus, it has been supposed that they are a compilation from the Jewish historian; and this conjecture is further confirmed by the mention of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, who lived but a short time before Josephus. These additions to the Book of Esther are often cited by the fathers of the church; and the Council of Trent has assigned them a place among the canonical books.\*

The author of these apocryphal chapters says many things that are in direct contradiction to the inspired historian; as when he affirms that the attempt made by the eunuchs to take away the life of Ahasuerus was in the second year of his reign; that Mordecai was at the very time rewarded for his discovery; that Haman had been advanced before this event, and was provoked with Mordecai for his discovery of the eunuchs; that Haman was a Macedonian, and intended to transfer the government of Persia to the Macedonians. He very stupidly, also, represents Ahasuerus looking upon Esther, as a *ferce lion*, and yet with a *countenance full of grace*; and as calling the Jews *the children of the most high and most mighty living God*; and as ordering the heathens to keep the feast of Purim.

VI. The book of "The Wisdom of Solomon" was never written by that monarch, as its author falsely pretends, for it was never extant in Hebrew, nor received into the Jewish canon of Scripture, nor is the style like that of Solomon. It consists of two parts: the first, which is written in the name of Solomon, contains a description or encomium of wisdom, by which comprehensive term the ancient Jews understood prudence and foresight, knowledge and understanding, and, especially, the duties of religion and

morality. This division includes the first ten chapters. The second part, comprising the rest of the book, treats on a variety of topics widely differing from the subject of the first, viz., reflections on the history and conduct of the Israelites during their journeyings in the wilderness, and their subsequent proneness to idolatry. Hence the author takes occasion to inveigh against idolatry, the origin of which he investigates, and concludes with reflections on the history of the people of God. His allegorical interpretations of the Pentateuch, and the precept which he gives to worship God before the rising of the sun, have induced some critics to think that the author was of the Jewish sect called Essenes.

Although the fathers of the church, and particularly Jerome, uniformly considered this book as apocryphal, yet they recommended the perusal of it, in consideration of the excellence of its style. The third Council of Carthage, held in the year 397, pronounced it to be a canonical book, under the name of the *Fourth Book of Solomon*, and the famous Council of Trent confirmed this decision. Jerome informs us that several writers of the first three centuries ascribed the authorship of it to Philo the Jew, a native of Alexandria who flourished in the first century; and this opinion is generally adopted by the moderns, on account of the Platonic notions that are discoverable in it, as well as from its general style, which evidently shows that it was the production of a Hellenistic Jew of Alexandria. Drusus, indeed, attributes it to another Philo, more ancient than the person just mentioned, and who is cited by Josephus; but this hypothesis is untenable, because the author of the Book of Wisdom was confessedly either a Jew or a heretical Christian, whereas the Philo mentioned by Drusus was a heathen.

It is quite evident that this author had read Plato, and the Greek poets; and he employs a great many expressions taken from them, such as Ambrosia, the river of forgetfulness; the kingdom of Pluto, &c.; as also several words borrowed from the Grecian games, which were not in use till long after the time of Solomon, whose name he assumes. A great many of his phrases seem to be taken out of the Prophets, and even from the New Testament. There are numerous passages in the book evidently borrowed from the Prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah; particularly in the 13th chapter, where there are no less than nine verses plainly copied from the 44th chapter of Isaiah.

This author brings forward many things that are contrary both to the words of inspiration and to common sense. He condemns the marriage-bed as sinful, and also excludes bastards from the hopes of salvation: he talks as if souls were lodged in bodies according to their former merits; makes the murder of Abel the cause of the flood; represents the Egyptians as being plagued entirely by their own idols, that is to say, by the beasts which they worshipped; though it is certain they never worshipped *frogs, locusts, or lice*. He also calls the divine *Lagos*, or second person of the Trinity, a *vapour or steam*, with many other things that are evidently absurd.

#### AMUSEMENTS AT MARGATE.

MARGATE, as a bathing-place, might be imagined a retired spot, to which invalids resorted for the benefit of their health, and therefore conclude it presented one vast hospital or receptacle of human misery. Far otherwise. There are persons who admire the salubrity of the air, and the kindness of the towns-people. There are also many who think bathing may prove serviceable to them—many whose happiness consists in escaping from a chrysalis state in London, to flutter a butterfly at Margate. To these is the place indebted for the visits of nearly 100,000 persons in the course of a season. There was, in time past, a superior class of visitors; but as their heels were touched by the toes of others considered inferior, the strawberry leaved and the balld coronet took offence, and vanished. There are, however, three descriptions of persons who retain partialities for Margate. The first consists of families, respectable in every sense of the term; they have houses or lodgings in the squares, or best parts of the town; their amusements and their domestic comforts are united with judgment, and can only be alluded to, as examples to others; they are the affluent merchants and tradesmen of the metropolis, being, *par excellence*, vulgarly denominated *carriage company*. Another description of persons rent houses, or lodgings, less expensive, and regulate their establishments on principles of economy and respectability, regularly dealing with those most worthy their commands. These are select in their intimacies, enjoying all the amusements of the place unostentatiously, and in many respects approximating to the *carriage class*, but not of it—therefore may be called the *horse and gig company*. A third description, for the purposes of distinction only, may be called the *foot company*, composed of persons who, knowing the few holidays that can be snatched from their occupations

ought to be agreeably spent, rush down to Margate with a determination to be happy. A boarding-house is their place of rendezvous. Among these may be found many highly cultivated persons.

Ladies ever form a considerable part of boarding-house society; and as they are induced to appear in their best visiting amiability, they produce a corresponding attention to decorum on the part of the gentlemen, which provokes in either the ambition to appear to more than the greatest advantage. Of course every young gentleman is well bred, wealthy, intimate with those who move in the upper circles, frequents the opera and other superior amusements in London. He is therefore prepared to indulge in all the vanities of Margate. Yet, however hyperbole may operate, geese are not swans, nor will conceit or falsehood transform a magpie into a bird of paradise. It is certain that persons cannot make themselves beautiful, if their features be ordinary, nor change a malformation into the first order of fine forms; but they might be candid, and perhaps become intelligent: these are practicable, but unfortunately not fashionable. Therefore, when Jessamy and Flip-pet meet, a scene of flattery and delusion commences, which, as if by mutual agreement, they determine never to check, or detect, until their marriage has taken place. Then they appear like two celebrated pedestrians who agreed to go a great distance in company. A toll-bridge lay in their road, each believing the other had cash; but neither being provided, they were brought to a stand-still, and the match was off. But to the boarding-house inmates: the meals are announced by jingling a large bell in the passage or hall. At these meetings parties are made. The precious souls, agog to dash through thick and thin, propose a ride to Ferry Grove—a trip to Pegwell-bay—a sail to the Reculvers—a stroll on the Parade—a walk on the Pier, or on the Jetty. Yes; this is most inviting.

The Pier is a stone building with a lighthouse at the extremity, projecting in a slight curve 900 feet into the sea, forming a shelter to vessels within the harbour, which is dry at low water. On an elevated part of the Pier there is a pleasant promenade, for the enjoyment of the sea-breeze and the prospects, in perfect security. A little to the east is the Jetty, a platform constructed of oak, projecting in a straight line 1120 feet out to sea. There are openings between each plank to lessen the action of the rising tides, as at high water the whole is covered. At the extremity is a circular part, a little elevated, the delight of the lovers of mischief. On this, when the tide is rising, large parties assemble; the attention of the ladies is directed to distant objects, or to any thing by which they may be detained till the tide has flowed up to the lower portion of the open planking of the platform; the initiated steal away; the others feel they must hasten over these openings, through which, if the water be the least agitated, a direction of the spray upwards occasions some unpleasant sensations, besides proving that silk stockings are not fishermen's boots. All this the spectators vociferously enjoy. The more timid are often carried over these jet d'eau by the gentlemen, at which the laugh is not lessened, while the most alarmed are fetched from their situation of increasing danger by the boatmen, whose charge for rescuing such damsels in distress is sixpence each. All this cannot be otherwise than exceedingly amusing, since the same ladies have endured it several times, affording proof positive that whatever is, is right—that all is charming and delectable at enchanting Margate.

Then comes the jaunt to Ramsgate. A string of open carriages waits. After due bedizenning with streamers long and gay, off they whirl; the sun, despite of parasol, scorching them, and the dust from the chalky roads suffocating them. Refreshment becomes necessary as air to breath. After partaking sumptuously, finding the heat allayed, and the thirst relieved, the party walk on the Pier, where the refracted heat of a summer's sun is so oppressive as often to occasion languor and fainting. But true heart ne'er tires: they enjoy all that can be enjoyed, and return enraptured with the excursion. After such exertions, who would not enjoy a refreshing sleep?—sleep that seems to cast into oblivion every recollection, save those the most agreeable; for day after day succeeds, in which similar extravaganzas are enacted. Then come the concerts! They must be attended for the sake of harmony and love of melody. Thus evenings are occupied in listening while a singer endeavours to recover a few lost notes. Occasionally they parade up and down the concert room to martial music—the steps of the marchers and the time in the orchestra being now and then together. Yet all is charming! They can see and be seen—no heart aches unless the little urchin Cupid may have been practising his archery. Then there are the libraries! It is impossible not to be a subscriber, although a book be never opened, because it confers a right to squeeze in to hear Mr and Miss Somebody hoot and squeak, if permitted by the rafflers with their dice-boxes and loud announcements of the numbers required to be filled—"Only three and two and five—five, three and two—five—five!" This is reiterated so frequently and so loud, that it is advisable to be provided with cotton to preserve the drum of the ear. The proper number of names having been written against the numbers of the raffle for one shilling each, the parties in turn throw with the dice. The highest

\* Vide Horne's Introduction to the Scripture, vol. iv. p. 223.

In three throws being declared the winner, a ticket is presented to the *fortunate* individual. All this hallooing and rattling is repeated again and again at two or three places in the room, forming a part of the entertainment more astonishing than delighting. Let it not be forgotten, that at Betteson's library the performer at the grand piano-forte executes, with great taste and expression, some of the best modern music, without being attended to as it deserves, amid the uproar of mountebank trickery. Yet all this is delightful and highly entertaining. Some of the *fortunates* at the dice-box will become possessed of a great number of tickets, for which, at their departure, the amount may be received in trinketry or trumpery. Nevertheless, all is beautiful and excellent. Criticism at Margate would be considered a fish out of his element. Every lure is set, every trap is baited, to catch the contents of the Cockney's purse. Step into the bazaars, they appear as if the Boulevards of Paris had emptied all their fiddle-fiddles, sweet scents, and nonsense, to attract. Oh, how pretty! Something must be purchased, or some chances in the lottery must be taken. One of the prizes, an elegant work-box, worth—it is invaluable! It may be gained. The wheel of fortune turns—A blank! No matter—all is right, all is cheerful. It is a dull heart that never rejoices. The next attempt may be successful. Then there are the gardens—once shady grove, then Tivoli, now any thing—plenty of fever-cooling refreshments—plenty of charges—plenty of foolery and fire-works, rivaling the giant fool at Vauxhall. Yet how rural, how enchanting! How sweet to walk home by moonlight, and to hear the *soft* whisperings during that walk. How ecstatic! Mortals hardly ever know the joys that await them. All is most delicious. Then there is the public breakfast at St Peter's. Oh the lovely spot!—the concentration of all that is captivating. Who can refrain? All must go, unless they chance to be eaten up by hypochondria. How shall they go! Oh, dear variety!—ever stimulating charm! On donkeys to be sure. What can be so entertaining?—so full of pleasurable ideas, the climax of all that is frolicsome. Away goes the porter to collect all the donkeys possible, not less than a dozen. Here they are, and the ladies are ready. How exhilarating! There is a spring, an elasticity of heart, that would persuade the party they were not of earthly mould. The ladies mount their long-eared palfreys, decorated with saddle-cloths of sixpenny cotton and twopenny fringe. The gentlemen, like knights at a tournament, kiss their hands, and are greeted with smiles and laughter at each other till they can hardly retain their seats. The ladies have but *half a page* each—the whole page's business is to trot in the rear of two ladies, chanting, "Come up, Neddy," with a chorus of whacks on the crupper. The accompanying knights having permitted their chargers to walk between their legs, drop into their seats heroically. Off they all go in chivalry taste, save that regularity of cavalcade is entirely neglected, some preferring the slowest pace, as best adapted to the retention of seat—others choosing the utmost speed, as best calculated to display skill in the menage. Crossing the fields, they are irresistibly comical in their widely scattered groups, and in their shouts of laughter and screams of mirth at one or more of the party measuring their lengths on the ground. Not having far to fall, renders a recurrence less terrible, however disagreeable, since every one may not fall like Julius Cæsar. They arrive at St Peter's, all save one fair damsel, whose palfrey preferred grazing on the blooming clover to forming any part of the array, which determination the fair rider had no power to oppose. "Where is she—where is her page?" "Oh! he came with Miss Thingame, and there he goes for the other lady. See where she sits like patience on a monument. How cruel to have left her thus! Why did not her Neddy come up? But see where she comes to bless us, blushing like a peony!"—every eye fixed on her strange movement, caused by the velocity with which the page urged her palfrey. Fortunately no bottles were in her pockets. She dismounts, weary of being a heroine. Tea is ordered, with all the *etcetera* of a sumptuous breakfast, during which it is resolved not to return by the same means. They had no idea of encountering the gaze, and being subjected to the animadversions of so many; therefore the pages must be sent home to direct that carriages for the party may be sent from Margate by such a time. The stirring bands of music invite to the covered dancing-place. They must walk and quadrille a little, although it is so warm. They do so—the little goes on till it assumes the evidences of being much, and they retire exhausted, like so many red lions, to some of the alcoves to recover themselves; during which, the gentlemen will not have taken more than three jellies each, although the practice is so exceedingly fashionable. The carriages come; the excitement being over, they return to dress for dinner. The recollections of the outrageous publicity of their excursion, with the evidences of their fatigue, produce only slumbers, and an endeavour to affix the most ridiculous occurrences on each other. Much of mimicry, burlesque, and hyperbole, is ventured in good humour, and mirthfully retaliated. Amid the conviviality, additional bottles of wine make their appearance, which, like Charles of Spain's shoes, were not prime, but such as might be used. All goes on well—the ladies retire—the gentlemen take another glass or two—talk politics, and, in their superior

knowledge of legislation, jurisprudence, and political economy, prove beyond contradiction that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a noodle, and the Premier a doodle. After this, the well-informed disputants are advised to walk under the cliffs, where they splash each other to their heart's content. Some go to smoke half-a-dozen cigars, only because it is fashionable; thence to quiz the girls on the Jetty; others look in at the billiard-table, where there are, or soon will be, players who can always make a hard game of it till the stake is worthy notice, and then—"It don't signify." Then there is the *Theatre Royal*, where Melpomene and Thalia exchange the powers over which they should preside, and, except when a star from one of the metropolitan hemispheres appears, there is darkness visible, serving only to discover sights too insipid to give pleasure, or not contemptible enough to provoke laughter. Yet even here there is novelty. The strutting and scraping of three persons in the orchestra of an empty theatre, produces a strange effect on the ear, which cannot be described. After a few slapping of box-doors, very loud yawning in the pit, and whistling in the gallery, the curtain rises. The strutting and fretting proceeds. Friends in the dress circle shake hands with each other across the pit, and the act is over. The ladies agitate, and peep through their fans. Charming! Every particular of Mrs and Miss —'s decorations can be scrutinised and descanted upon. Urling's lace! Mina nova and paste! Birmingham jewellery! Good gracious, what sagacity to be enabled to point this out! What talent to compare things with those of which they are only the representative! It produces such an enthusiastic delirium, that the play is forgotten in a revelry of impatience, and they do not stay to witness the farce! In such a round of folly do some, at other times thinking persons, beguile hours, weeks, and months, till a whisper from home, weariness, or exhausted funds, like a gun in a field covered with birds, puts them on the wing by hundreds, and the principal of the boarding-house is left to preside at a deserted table.

To persons of sedentary habits, or whose years place them out of the pale of boarding-house follies, Margate presents much that is satisfactory. The walk along the cliffs to Kingsgate—to Birchington—to many villages in the vicinity, in sight of the ocean—any of the before-mentioned attractions may be enjoyed, free of frivolity and treble expense, by the prudent.

There are many bathing machines, tepid and vapour baths, properly constructed and attended to. Sea-bathing is good under particular circumstances, taken by the advice of medical experience; but ducking is no panacea. The proprietors of the bathing places have discovered to their cost that persons do not come to Margate to play Tritons and Mermaids, as they did a few years since.

The charges for board and lodging, where both are good, are about two guineas per week—wine, spirits, or ale, exclusive. There are stage-coaches to Canterbury, Ramsgate, and Dover, daily. There is no doubt that the Londoners will long retain a partiality for Margate.

#### MISCELLANEA.

WIT.—A professed wit musters his jokes on parade every morning as a general does his veterans, to ascertain how many may have been disabled by length of service.

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON.—You see what man is, when never so little within the verge of matter and motion in a ferment. The affair of Lisbon has made men tremble, as well as the Continent shake, from one end of Europe to another; from Gibraltar to the Highlands of Scotland. To suppose these desolations the scourge of heaven for human impieties, is a dreadful reflection; and yet to suppose ourselves in a forlorn and fatherless world, is ten times a more frightful consideration. In the first case, we may reasonably hope to avoid our destruction by the amendment of our manners; in the latter, we are kept incessantly alarmed by the blind rage of warring elements. The relation of the captain of a vessel to the Admiralty, as Mr Yorke told me the story, has something very striking in it. He lay off Lisbon, on this fatal first of November, preparing to hoist sail for England; he looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock that promised a poet's eternity—at least to its grandeur; he looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder.—*Warburton's Letters*.

AMASIS.—Amasis, a man of humble origin, was the favourite, and afterwards the successor of Apries, king of Egypt. Finding himself somewhat despised by the people, on account of his mean extraction, he hit upon the method of curing their folly. He caused a golden basin, in which he used to wash his feet, to be converted into the statue of a god, and had it set up in a conspicuous part of the capital. The superstitious multitude flocked to worship it. Amasis now told them, that the subject of their veneration had once been nothing but a vile utensil; "and," said he, "it is the same with me; I was formerly a humble individual—I am now your king. Take care, therefore, to respect me, according to the station I now hold."

#### "MIGHT, COULD, WOULD, OR SHOULD."

It is known, or ought to be known, to all persons, that there are two departments in a common verb, called the Indicative and the Subjunctive Moods. When we imply that a thing is done, was done, or will be done, we speak in the *indicative*—that is, we indicate or simply notify some transaction of which we are enabled to speak with the confidence arising from exact knowledge. But when we mean to say that such and such a thing may be done, or might be done, or will have been done when a certain other thing permits—when we speak, in short, in "if's and an's," or in a faint hesitating way, as if we did not like to come to the point—then we are using the *subjunctive mood*, which is so called because some condition is always supposed to be *subjoined* to the act of which we are speaking. In this latter mood there is a tense called the pluperfect, which is used when we say that any one might, could, would, or should have done any kind of thing.

Now, this pluperfect tense of the subjunctive mood, this "might, could, would, or should," is a grievous bore, inasmuch that we could almost wish it to be drummed out of the English grammar altogether. It is something like intentions, as contrasted, in a late number of our paper, with deeds, frequently supplanting an honest and useful indicative, and, with not the tenth part of the merit of that respectable mood, carrying off all the glory due to it alone. People have a way of saying that a man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds; but this principle is in reality very imperfectly acknowledged or acted upon. We may have a kind of abstract notion that deeds are better than words; yet did we, for our own part, never see, when the actual deeds of one man were contrasted with those which we suppose *might have been* done by another—when all that one friend has been honestly able to do was measured against what we expect from some other who has only been talking of doing it—we never saw, we say, that the former got any fair degree of credit, compared with what was gratuitously bestowed upon the latter. The Subjunctive generally carries it hollow from the Indicative—the measure of the reason in the one case being apparently no match for the measure of the imagination in the other. This is certainly a most discouraging thing for the gentleman who *do*, and ought to be put a stop to in this and every other well-regulated state. It is really too bad, when one takes the trouble to act upon the indicative in every thing, that the honour due to him should be carried off by the lazy gentlemen of the subjunctive, who insolently tell us that they could if they had a mind, and whom we slavishly hold up as able to do any thing, merely because we have never yet had any specimen of their abilities whereby to judge more correctly.

Every class of persons, we believe, could recite the injuries they have suffered in this way—for let any person on earth do his very best, ay, perhaps the very best that *could* be done, there will be some other body, who, from merely holding his peace, and perhaps looking a little grave, is generally believed to be able to do a great deal better. This greatness in the subjunctive is a pest every where. It rules the court, the camp, the grove. Perhaps, however, it is nowhere so rife as in literature—that is to say, if a thing can be said to be in literature, which, it is only supposed, might, could, would, or should be in literature. Be it understood, anyhow, that there is a class of gentlemen, of good education or otherwise, who, though they never be detected in so much as a letter in a local newspaper signed *Civis*, being merely suspected of literary habits, and having a rather plausible way of pronouncing upon things, get far more credit among all who know them, than almost any existing author who comes plump down with his half-dozen volumes in the year, thereby affording the whole community a means of judging of his pretensions. If you speak of any well-known author, a certain degree of merit is acknowledged; but "ah, sir," ten to one this is added, "he is nothing to our acquaintance H—"; there's a fellow for you—never would publish any thing though—great loss to the world—he is the man!" Now, in all probability, H— is nothing but a heavy proser, who never felt the least impulse of the diviner kind of mind all his days; but what is that? There is nothing known against him. Every body is safe in praising him, for he has given out no specimen of his ingenuity to pick exceptions with, and the person whom you are endeavouring to inspire with as great a fallacy as yourself, must just take it in and



make the best of it. Very different it is when you speak of an indicative man; you must cruise with some caution there, or you will be met in the teeth, perhaps, with a declaration that he whom you admire is a goose—a sentence which cannot but be accepted as reflecting equal discredit upon the admirer and the admired. It is this that gives such a secure celebrity to the gentlemen of the subjunctive.

There is one other department of human life in which we have observed this most unrighteous mood to have particular sway. Our readers may have observed, that, when any gentleman takes a wife, all his friends are a good deal concerned to know whether his choice be really a worthy one or not. If it be supposed inferior—and almost all matches are thought to be so in some respects, on either the one side or the other, or on both—then it is lamented, and the gentleman is thought to have been so far a fool. On the other hand, there are some men who seem so excessively fastidious, have such delicate and lofty notions about the sex, and linger, and consider, and look about them so long, that they almost seem as if they were too good for marriage under any circumstances. Oh, thinks every body, a man of such taste, such discernment, and who has so many advantages to bring to the matrimonial state—what a choice he must make! Mark here how the subjunctive rises triumphant above the indicative—how *may take a wife* shines pre-eminent over *has taken a wife*! Ten to one, however, it is all gratuitous folly, arising from our propensity to make the creatures of the imagination brighter and more golden than the creatures of our optics. We compare the human, and therefore frail, being, whom the indicative man has made his wife, with the faultless monster whom we think alone proper for the subjunctive, and, as a matter of course, the subjunctive gets the preference. Wait, however, till Mr Subjunctive has at last—for there is no enduring perfection on earth—condescended to assume the indicative; wait till he, too, some day take a wife. Then, alas, does he suffer as Mr Indicative formerly suffered. His choice is found, like every other body's, to be liable to some exceptions, greater or less; and, like the god who was thrown from heaven upon the earth, and was crippled by the fall, he is not only taken down from his former high character, but he is made rather shabbier than he would naturally be, in consequence of the declension.

The moral of all this must have been already so fully perceived by our readers, that it will not require to be more than touched upon. Away, we say, with all *supposed* merit—away with all greatness of which we can only say that it *might, could, would, or should* be! Such flattery of the indolent or the incapable—for both of these kinds of people are objects of it—is a direct robbery of the active and the ingenious, and must be alike injurious to public and to private interests. The public may depend upon it, that the expression tendency of anything that is in a man, is to come out, and that the simplest inference that can be made from *nothing coming out*, is, that *nothing is in*. That part, for instance, of the human race, who sit for hours in a company and never open their lips, are not thus silent from the magnitude of their ideas finding, as it were, the aperture of expression too narrow, or the audience unworthy of their exertions. In general they are neither more nor less than ideal men. We have heard of one who once sat in a company of his brother agriculturists, in the house of the original of Dandie Dinmont, till three o'clock in the morning, without ever saying one word till that last moment, when, it being urged by most of the company that the bowl, already seventeen times replenished, should be replenished no more, he burst out with—"Od, I think we wadna be the werr [worse] o' another ane." Now, it is evident that this speech, luminous and eloquent as it partly was, could be the result of nothing but the singular emergency of the occasion—the imminent fear of losing hold of the liquor to which his soul was glued—the great, the overmastering love of "another bowl." So it is always with these silent horrors, as a clever but somewhat talkative friend of ours terms them, and also with the gentlemen who "could write capital books if they chose." Never do you, my public, so long as you live, listen again with complacency to the grammatical formula, "might, could, would, or should." It is nothing but a bag of wind, alike empty whether expanded or collapsed. Hoard all your gracious smiles for Messrs Do and Did, who are the only gentlemen of substantial merit that ever seek for honours at your hands.

### ALEMOOR,

#### A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Sad is the wail that floats o'er Ale Moor's lake,  
And nightly bids her gulfs unbottomed quake,  
While moonbeams, sailing o'er her waters blue,  
Reveal the frequent tinge of blood-red hue.  
The water-birds, with shrill discordant scream,  
Oft rouse the peasant from his tranquil dream:  
He dreads to raise his slow unclosing eye,  
And thinks he hears an infant's feeble cry.

DR LEYDEN.

In one of those frequent incursions which the Scotch Borderers used to make into the sister territory, it was the misfortune of Sir John Douglas, a gallant and distinguished warrior, to be taken prisoner by Richard De Mowbray, who, to a naturally proud and vindictive temper, added a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to that branch of the house of Douglas to which his prisoner belonged. Instead of treating the brave and noble youth with that courtesy which the law of arms and the manners of the times authorised, he loaded his limbs with fetters, and threw him into one of the deepest dungeons of his baronial castle of Holme Cultrum. Earl De Mowbray, his father, was then at the English court, in attendance on his sovereign—so that he had none to gainsay his authority, but yielded, without hesitation or restraint, to every impulse of his passions. To what lengths the savage cruelty of his temper might have led him in practising against the life of his youthful prisoner, is not known, for he was also summoned to London to assist in the stormy councils of that distracted period. Meanwhile, Douglas lay on the floor of his dungeon, loaded with fetters, and expecting every hour to be led out to die. No murmur escaped his lips. He waited patiently till the fatal message arrived, only regretting that it had not pleased heaven to suffer him to die sword in hand like his brave ancestors. "Yes," he exclaimed, as he raised his stately and warlike form from the ground, and clashing his fettered hands together, while his dark eye shot fire; "yes; let false tyrannical Mowbray come with all his ruffian band—let them give me death by sword or by cord—my cheek shall not blanch, nor my look quail before them. As a Douglas I have lived, as a Douglas I shall die." But the expected summons came not. Day after day passed on in sullen monotony, more trying to a brave mind than even the prospect of suffering. No sound broke in on the silence around him but the daily visit of a veteran man-at-arms, who brought him his scanty meal. No entreaties could induce this man to speak, so that the unfortunate prisoner could only guess at his probable fate. Sometimes despondency, in spite of his better reason, would steal over his mind. "Shall I never again see my noble, my widowed mother?—my innocent playful sister?—never again wander through the green woods of Drumlanrig, or hunt the deer on its lordly domain? Shall my sight never be again greeted by the green earth or cheerful sun? Will these hateful walls enclose me till damp and famine destroy me, and my withered limbs be left in this charnel-house a monument of the cruelty and unceasing hatred of De Mowbray?" Seven long weeks had rolled tediously along, when the prisoner was surprised by his allowance being brought by a stranger in the dress of a Cumbrian peasant. Eagerly, rapidly he questioned the man respecting Mowbray, his intentions, and why he had been so long left without being allowed to name a ransom. The peasant told him of De Mowbray's absence, and added, that, as there was to be a general invasion of Scotland, all the men-at-arms had been marched away that morning to join their companions, except the warders, by whom he had been ordered to bring food to the prisoner. Joy now thrilled through the heart and frame of the youthful warrior, but he had still enough of caution left to make no further inquiries, but allow his new jailer to depart without exciting his suspicions too early.

It is well known to those who are conversant with the history of that period, that, however bitter the animosities of the two nations were while engaged in actual warfare, yet in times of peace, or even of truce, the commons lived on friendly terms, and carried on even a sort of trade in cattle. All this was known to Sir John, who hoped, through the means of his new attendant, to open a communication with his retainers, if he could not engage him to let him free, and become a follower of the Douglas, whose name was alike dreaded in both nations. But events over which he had no control were even then working for him, and his deliverance was to come from a quarter he thought not of. At the date of this tale, the ladies of rank had few amusements when compared to those of more modern times. Books, even if they could have been procured, would sometimes not have been valued or understood, from the very limited education which, in those days, was allowed to females. Guarded in their inaccessible towers or castles, their only amusement was listening to the tales of pilgrims, or the songs of the wandering minstrels, both of whom were always made welcome to the halls of nobles, and whose persons, like those of heralds, were deemed sacred even among contending parties. To be present at a tournament was considered as an event of the first importance, and looked forward to with the highest expectation, and afterwards formed an era in

their lives. When such amusements were not to be had, a walk on the ramparts, attended by their trusty maid, was the next resource against the tedium of time. It was during such a walk as this that Emma, only daughter of Earl Mowbray, addressed her attendant as follows:—"Do you think it possible, Edith, that the prisoner whom my brother is so solicitous to conceal can be that noble Douglas of whom we have heard so much, and about whom Graham, the old blind minstrel, sung such gallant verses?"

"Indeed, my sweet lady," replied her attendant, "the prisoner in yonder dungeon is certainly of the house of Douglas, and, as I think, that very Sir John of whom we have heard so much."

"How knowest thou that?" inquired her lady eagerly.

"I had always my own thoughts of it," whispered Edith, cautiously, and drawing nearer her lady; "but since Ralph of Teesdale succeeded grim old Norman as his keeper, I am almost certain of it; he knows every Douglas of them, and, from his account, though the dungeon was dark, he believes it was Sir John, who performed such prodigies of valour at the taking of Alnwick."

"May heaven, then, preserve and succour him!" sighed the Lady Emma, as she clasped her hands together. Emma De Mowbray, the only daughter of the most powerful and warlike of the northern earls, was dazzlingly fair, and her very beautiful features were only relieved from the charge of insipidity on the first look, by the lustre of her dark blue eyes, which were shaded by long and beautiful eyelashes; her stature was scarcely above the middle size, but so finely proportioned that the eye of the beholder never tired gazing on it. She was only seventeen, and had not been allowed to grace a tournament, her ambitious father having determined to seclude his northern flower till he could dazzle the court of England with her charms, and secure for her such an advantageous settlement as would increase his own power and resources. Thus had Emma grown up the very child of nature and tenderness. Shut out from society of every kind, her imagination had run riot, and her most pleasing hours, when not occupied by devotional duties, were spent in musing over the romantic legends, which she heard either from minstrels, or those adventurers who oftentimes found a home in the castle of a powerful chief, and which were circulated among the domestics till they reached the ear of their youthful lady. These feelings had been unconsciously fostered by her spiritual director, Father Anselm, who, of noble birth himself, had once been a soldier, and delighted, in the long winter evenings, to recount the prowess of his youth; and, in the tale of other years, often and often was the noble name of Douglas introduced and dwelt upon with enthusiastic rapture, as he narrated the chief's bravery in the Holy Land. In short, every circumstance combined to feed and excite the feverish exalted imagination of this untutored child. Had her mother lived, the sensibilities of her nature had been cherished and refined, and taught to keep within the bounds of their proper channel. As it was, they were allowed to run riot, and almost led her to overstep the limits of that retiring modesty which is so beautiful in the sex. No sooner, then, had she learnt that Douglas was the captive of her haughty brother, and perhaps doomed to a lingering or ignominious death, than she resolved to attempt his escape, be the consequences what they would. A wild tumultuary feeling took possession of her mind as she came to this resolution—what would the liberated object say to her, or how look his thanks? and oh, if he indeed proved to be the hero of her day-dreams, how blessed would she be to have had it in her power to be his guardian angel! The tear of delight trembled in her eye as she turned from the bartisan of the castle, and sought the solitude of her chamber.

It was midnight—the last stroke of the deep-toned castle bell had been answered by the echoes from the neighbouring hills, when two shrouded figures stood by the couch of the prisoner. The glare of a small lantern, carried by one of them, awoke Douglas. He sprang to his feet as lightly as if the heavy fetters he was loaded with had been of silk, and in a stern voice told them he was ready. "Be silent, and follow us," was the reply of one of the muffled visitors. He bowed in silence, and prepared to leave his dungeon; not an easy undertaking, when it is remembered he was so heavily ironed; but the care and ingenuity of his conductors obviated as much as possible even this difficulty; one came on each side, and prevented as much as possible the fetters from clashing on each other. In this manner they hurried him on through a long subterranean passage, then crossed some courts which seemed overgrown with weeds, and then entered a chapel, where Douglas could perceive a noble tomb surrounded by burning tapers. "You must allow yourself to be blindfolded," said one of them in a sweet, musical, but suppressed voice; he did so, and no sooner was the bandage made fast, than he heard the snap as of a spring, and was immediately led forward. In a few minutes more he felt he had left the rough stones of the church, and its chill sepulchral air, for a matted floor and a warmer atmosphere; the bandage dropped from his eyes, and he found himself in a small square room, comfortably furnished with a fire blazing in the chimney; a second look convinced him he was in the private chamber of an ecclesiastic, and that he was alone.

It need not be told the sanguine reader that this escape was the work of Lady Emma, aided by Father Anselm, and Ralph Teesdale, who was his foster-brother, and thereby bound to serve her almost at the risk of his life—so very strong were such ties then considered. No sooner did Douglas learn from the venerable ecclesiastic to whom he owed his life and liberty, than he prepared for an interview with all the warmth of gratitude which such a boon could inspire. Recruited by a night of comfortable repose, and refreshed by wholesome food, our youthful warrior looked more like those of his name than when stretched on the floor of the dungeon. It was the evening of the second day after his liberation, while Douglas was listening to his kind and venerable host's account of the daring deeds by which his ancestor, the good Lord James, had been distinguished, when the door opened, and Lady Emma and her attendant entered. Instantly sinking on one knee, Sir John poured forth his thanks in language so courtly, so refined, yet so earnest and heartfelt, that Lady Emma's heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes became suffused with tears.

"Suffer me," continued Douglas, "to behold the features of her who has indeed been a guardian angel to the descendant of that house who never forgave an injury, nor ever, while breath animated them, forgot a favour." Lady Emma slowly raised her veil, and the eyes of the youthful pair met, and dwelt on each other with mutual admiration. Again the knight knelt, and, pressing her hand to his lips, vowed that he would ever approve himself her faithful and devoted champion. The conversation then took a less agitating turn, and in another hour, Lady Emma took her leave of the good father and his youthful companion, in whose favour she could not conceal that she was already inspired with the most fervent feelings. Nor did she chide Edith, who, whilst she braided the beautiful locks of her mistress, expatiated on the fine form and manly features of Douglas, and rejoiced in his escape.

It was now time for Sir John to make some inquiries of Father Anselm about the state of the country, and if the Scotch had beat back their assailants in the attack made upon them, and learnt, to his pleasure and surprise, that the enemy were then too much divided among themselves to think of making reprisals, the whole force of the kingdom being then gathered together to decide the claims of York and Lancaster to the crown of England; that Earl Mowbray and his son, adherents of the queen, were then lying at York with their retainers, ready to close in battle with the adverse party. It might be supposed that this intelligence would inspire the captive with the wish to complete his escape, and return to Scotland. But no. A secret influence, a sort of charm, bound him to the spot; he was fascinated; he had no power to fly, even if the massy gates of the castle had unfolded themselves before him. Bred up in the camp, Douglas was unused to the small sweet courtesies of life; his hours, when in his paternal towers of Drumlanrig, were chiefly spent in the chase, or in warlike exercises with his brothers, and the vassals of their house. His mother, a lady of noble birth, descended from the bold Seaons, encouraged such feelings, and kept up that state in her castle and retinue which befit her high rank. His sister Bertha was a mere child, whom he used to fondle and caress in his moments of relaxation. But now a new world burst upon his astonished senses. He had seen a young, a beautiful lady, to whom he owed life and liberty, who, unsought, had generously come forward to his relief. Of the female character he knew nothing; if he did think of them, it was either invested with the matronly air of his mother, or the playful fondness of his sister. His emotions were new and delightful, and he longed to tell his fair deliverer all he felt; and—she did tell her, and—she listened. But why prolong the tale? Interview succeeded interview, till even Father Anselm became aware of their growing attachment. Alas! the good priest saw his error too late; and although, even then, he attempted to reason with both on the consequences of their passion, yet his arguments made no impression. "You will turn war into peace," whispered Emma, as she listened to her spiritual director, "by healing the feud between the families." "And you will, by uniting us," boldly exclaimed the youthful lover, "give to the Mowbrays a friend who will never fail in council or in field." Overcome by this and similar arguments, the tender-hearted Anselm at last consented to join their hands. At the solemn hour of midnight, when the menials and retainers were bound in sleep, an agitated yet happy group stood by the altar of the castle chapel. There might be seen the noble form of Douglas, with a rich mantle wrapped round him, and the fair and beautiful figure of his bride, as she blushing left the arm of her attendant to bestow her hand where her heart was already given. The light of the sacred tapers fell full upon the reverend form of Father Anselm, and the chapel reverberated the solemn words he uttered, as he bade heaven bless their union. The athletic figure of Ralph Teesdale was seen near the door, to guard against surprise.

Nothing occurred for some time to mar the harmony and peace of the married lovers. At length their tranquillity was broken by the accounts of the fatal and bloody battle of Tewton, which gave a death-blow to the interests of the Lancastrians. This news spread consternation among the small party at Holme Cultrum. The question was, whether to remain, and

boldly confront the Mowbrays, or fly towards Scotland, and endeavour to reach Drumlanrig; but the distracted state of the country forbade this plan; and the arrival of some fugitives from the field of battle having brought the intelligence that both Earl Mowbray and his son were unwounded, and had fled to France, determined the party to remain where they were. This, however, they soon repented of, when they understood that a large body of Yorkists were in full march northward to demolish all the castles held by the insurgent noblemen. This trumpet-note roused the warlike spirit of Douglas. He boldly showed himself to the soldiers, and swore to defend the castle to the last, or be buried in its ruins, if they would stand by him. But the men-at-arms, either unwilling to fight under a stranger, or panic-struck at their late defeat, coldly met this proposal; and while Father Anselm and Douglas were examining the outward works, they made their escape by a postern, leaving only two or three infirm old men, besides the menials, to resist the conquering army. Sir John, undaunted by the dastardly behaviour of the men, still continued his preparations, and inspired such courage into the hearts of his little garrison, that they vowed to stand by him to the last. But these preparations were made in vain: Edward, either allured by the prospect of greater booty in some richer castle, or afraid of harassing his troops, turned aside into the middle counties, and left the bold-hearted Douglas to the enjoyment of his wife's society. Months of unalloyed felicity were theirs; and while England was torn by civil dissensions—when the father pursued the son, and the son the father, and the most sacred bonds of nature were rent asunder at the shrine of party, and while the unburied dead gave the fields of merry England the appearance of a charnel-house—all was peace, joy, and love within the walls of Holme Cultrum. Seated in the lofty halls of her fathers, Lady Emma appeared the personification of content; hers was indeed that felicity she had not dared to hope for even in her wildest day-dreams. It was indeed a lovely sight to behold her leaning on the arm of her noble husband, listening to his details of well-fought fields; her eye now sparkling with hope, and her cheek now blanched with terror, as they paced in the twilight the ample battlements of the castle; it was like the ivy clinging and clasping round the stately oak. If at such moments Douglas wearied of the monotony of existence, and half wished he was once more in the front of battle, he had only to look in the soft blue eye of his Emma, press her to his heart, and every thing else was forgot.

Summer had passed away, and the fields wore the golden livery of autumn. It was in a beautiful evening, when Douglas, Lady Emma, and Father Anselm, were enjoying the evening breeze, when Ralph Teesdale rushed before them, his face pale, and his trembling accents proclaiming his terror. "Fly, my lord," he cried, addressing Douglas: "Fly," he continued, "for you are betrayed; the earl is come, at the head of a band of mercenaries, and vows to have your head stuck upon the battlements before to-morrow's sun rise." "I will not fly," said Douglas; "boldly will I confront the earl, and claim my wife." "My father is good, is kind; he will yield to the prayers and tears of his Emma." "Alas, alas, my dearest and honoured lady," rejoined her foster-brother, "your noble father is no more, and 'tis your brother who now seeks the life of Douglas." The first part of the sentence was only heard by Lady Emma, who fell senseless into the arms of her husband, and was immediately conveyed to her chamber by her ever ready attendant. A hasty council was then held between Father Anselm and Douglas. "You had better take the advice of that faithful fellow, and give way. You know," continued the friar, "the dreadful temper and baleful passions of Richard De Mowbray. Not only your own life, but that of your wife, may fall a sacrifice to his fury, were he to find you. I am well aware that he has long considered his sister as an incumbrance on his succession, and will either cause her to be shut up in a monastery, or secretly destroyed." Douglas shuddered at the picture, and asked the holy father what he should do. "Retreat to my secret chamber in the first instance; it were madness, and worse, to attempt to exclude Baron De Mowbray from his castle, even if we had sufficient strength within, which you know we have not. I shall cause Lady Emma to be conveyed there also when she recovers; we must resolve on some scheme instantly; the secret of the spring is unknown to all but your faithful friends."

Douglas allowed himself to be persuaded, and was soon joined in his retreat by Lady Emma and Edith. Flight, instant flight, was resolved on; and the timid and gentle Emma, who had hardly ever ventured beyond the walls of the castle, declared she was ready to dare every thing rather than be torn from her husband, or be the means of his being consigned to endless captivity, or, it might be, a cruel and lingering death. Father Anselm set off again in search of Ralph, and soon returned with the joyful intelligence that De Mowbray was still at a castle a few miles distant; that those of his followers who had already arrived were then carousing deeply; and as soon as the first watch was set, a pair of fleet horses would be waiting at the small postern, to which Douglas and his lady could steal unobserved, wrapt in horsemen's cloaks. The short interval which intervened was spent in making such preparations as were required for the travellers, by Edith and by the churchman,

in fervent petitions to heaven for their safety. At length the expected signal was given from the chapel, and the agitated party stood at the low postern, where Ralph waited with the horses. It was some moments before the lady could disengage herself from the arms of her weeping attendant; but the father hurried them away, and soon their figures were lost in the gloom, and their horses' tread became faint in the distance.

Well it was for the fugitives that their plans had been so quickly executed, for ere midnight the trumpets of De Mowbray sounded before the castle gate. There all was uproar and confusion. The means of refreshment had been given with unsparing hand, and the wild spirits of the mercenaries whom he commanded were then in a state bordering on stupefaction from their lengthened debauch. The few who accompanied him were not much better, and he himself had all his evil passions inflamed by the wine he had quaffed with the Lord of Barnard Castle. Hastily throwing himself from his reeking charger, he entered his castle sword in hand, and ordered his sister to be brought before him, and the castle to be searched, from turret to foundation-stone, for the presumptuous Douglas. Pale, trembling, and in tears, Edith threw herself at his feet. "O my good lord, my lady, my dear lady, is ill, very ill, ever since she heard of the death of her honoured father. To-morrow she will endeavour to see you."

"Off, woman!" he exclaimed. "This night I must and shall see my sister, dead or alive;" and he arose with fury in his looks. But Wolfstone, his lieutenant, a brave young man, stepped before him, and, drawing his sword, exclaimed, "You must pass over my dead body ere you break in upon the sacred sorrows of Lady Emma." There was something in the brave bearing of the gallant foreigner which even De Mowbray respected, for he lowered his voice, and, stealing his hand from his dagger, said, "And where is Father Anselm, that he comes not to welcome me to the halls of my fathers?" "He is gone," returned Edith, "to the neighbouring monastery, to say a mass for the honoured dead," and she devoutly crossed herself, turning her tearful eye on Wolfstone, who, with the most respectful tone, added, "Go, faithful maiden, say to your lady that Conrade Wolfstone guards her chamber till her pleasure is known." "Now lead in our prisoner there;" but a dozen of voices exclaimed against further duty that night. "He sleeps sound in his dungeon floor," said De Mowbray's squire, "and to-morrow you may make him sleep sounder if you will. A cup of wine would be more to the purpose, methinks, after our long and toilsome march." A hundred voices joined in the request. The wine was brought, and the tyrant soon forgot his projects of vengeance in the pleasures of a prolonged debauch. He slept, too, that unnatural monster slept, and dreamt of his victims, and the sweet revenge that was awaiting him. It was owing to the presence of mind of Ralph that the flight of Douglas was not discovered. He had the address to persuade the half-inebriated soldiers that the prisoner was actually securely fettered in the dungeon which he had all along occupied. No sooner did he see them all engaged in the new carousal than he fled, and joined Edith in the secret chamber, where they joined Father Anselm in his devotions, and prayed for blessings on the head of their noble lord and lady.

Meanwhile the fugitives had reached Scotland, and were now leisurely pursuing their way, thinking themselves far beyond the reach of pursuit. On their first crossing the Border, a shepherd's hut afforded the agitated Lady Emma an hour's repose and a draught of milk; the morning air revived her spirits, and once more she smiled sweetly as her husband bade her welcome to his native soil. From the fear of pursuit, they durst not take the most direct road to Drumlanrig, but continued to follow the narrow tracks among the hills, known only to huntsmen and shepherds.

It was now evening; the sun was sinking among a lofty range of mountains, tinging their heathy summits with a purple hue, as his broad disc seemed to touch their tops. The travellers were entering a narrow defile, at the end of which a small but beautiful mountain lake or loch burst upon their sight; its waters lay beautifully still and placid, reflecting aslant a few alder bushes which grew on its banks, while the cana, or wild cotton grass, reared its white head here and there among the bushes of wild thyme which sent their perfume far on the air. The wild and melancholy note of the curlew, as she was roused from her nest by the travellers, or the occasional bleat of a lamb, was all that broke the universal stillness.

"Ah, my love," said Lady Emma, riding up close to her husband, "what a scene of peace and tranquillity! Why could we not live here, far from courts and camps, from battle and bloodshed? But," she continued looking fondly and fixedly at her husband, "this displeases you—think of it only as a fond dream, and pardon me."

"True, my Emma," returned Douglas, "these are but fond dreams; the state of our poor country commands every man to do his duty, and how could the followers of the bloody heart breathe their swords, and live like bondsmen? Never, never! But ride on now; the smoke from yonder cabin on the brow of the hill promises shelter for the night, and, ere to-morrow's sun goes down, you shall be welcomed as the daughter of one of the noblest dames of Scotland."



Ride on—the night wears apace.” Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the quick tramp of a steed behind him caused him to turn round. It was Mowbray, his eyes glaring with fury, and his frame trembling with rage and excitement.

“Turn, traitor, coward!—Robber! turn, and meet your just punishment.”

“Coward was never heard by a Douglas unrevenged,” was the haughty answer to this defiance, as he wheeled round to meet the challenger, at the same time waving to Lady Emma to ride on; but she became paralyzed with fear and surprise, and sat on her palfrey motionless. Both drew their swords, and the combat began. It was furious, but short: Douglas unhorsed his antagonist, and then, leaping from his own steed, went to assist in raising him, unwilling farther to harm the brother of his wife. But oh, the treachery and cruelty of the wicked! No sooner did the tender-hearted Douglas kneel down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds, than Mowbray drew his secret dagger, and stabbed him to the heart.

The moon rose pale and cold on the waters of this small inland lake, and showed distinctly the body of a female lying near its shore, while a dark heap, resembling men asleep, were seen at a little distance, on a rising ground—the mournful howl of a large dog only broke the death-like stillness; soon, however, a horseman was seen descending the pass; he was directed by the dog to the female, who still lay as if life indeed had fled; he sprang from his horse, and brought water from the lake, which he sprinkled on her face and hands. Long his efforts were unavailing, but at last the pulse of life began once more to beat, the eye opened, and she wildly exclaimed, “O do not kill him.” “He is safe for me, lady,” said the well-known voice of Ralph Teeddale. “Thou here, my trusty friend!” murmured Lady Emma; “bear me to Douglas, and all yet may be well.” She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Ralph, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be a shepherd’s cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing. He was almost distracted, and, laying down his precious burden, wrapped in his horseman’s cloak, he ran out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it in such a wild district, still closely followed by the dog, which continued at intervals the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Ralph as they ascended the hill; the sad note of the hound was answered by a loud barking, and never fell sounds more welcome on the ear of the faithful vassal; he followed the sounds, and they led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife. His tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing, where they found the object of their solicitude in a situation to demand instant, and female assistance. There, amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortable cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir John Douglas first saw the light. Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Emma was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention. The care of Ralph consigned the remains of the rival chiefs to one grave. It was supposed that De Mowbray had expired soon after giving Douglas the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. Their horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and thus furnished a fund for the maintenance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon their care. Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware she had neither husband nor brother.

Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Emma. She sat watching the gambols of her son on the banks of the peaceful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale thin lip, as he tottered to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the blooming boy to her heart, murmuring, “My Douglas!” On her first awakening to a full sense of her loss and forlorn condition, it was only by presenting her son to her that she could be persuaded to live; and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Drumlanrig, and claim protection for herself and child; but the prudence of Ralph suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and, recommending his lady to the care of Gilbert Scott and his kind-hearted wife, he set out on his embassy. But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the lady fled no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honoured mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had already suffered made every loss appear trivial! The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. Here Lady Emma, in placid content, nursed her child, attended by her faithful foster-brother, who made occasional excursions to the neighbouring town to supply her with any necessary she might require. On an occasion of this kind, when the lovely boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle. It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all words. She forgot her sorrows, and was almost happy. Her attention was soon called to some domestic concern within the cottage. The boy was on

his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be painted, when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle! To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movement of the phrenzied mother; but vain had been her efforts, had she not been almost immediately joined by some of her neighbours, whose united efforts made the fatigued bird quit his prey, and drop it into the loch. Many a willing heart, many an active hand, was ready to save the boy. He was delivered to his mother, but, alas, only as a drenched and nerveless corpse. Human nature could endure no more. Her brain reeled, and reason fled for ever. Her faithful and attached follower returned to find her lady a wandering maniac. Year after year did he follow her footsteps, nor, till death put a period to his sufferings, did his care slacken for one instant. After he had seen her laid by her husband and brother, he bade adieu to the simple inhabitants, and it is supposed he fell in some of the border raids of the period, as he was never more heard of.

Reader, this tale is no idle fiction. On the borders of Avenmore loch in Selkirkshire may still be seen a small clump of moss-grown trees, among which were one or two of the crab-apple kind, which showed that here the hand of cultivation had once been. Within this inclosure was a small green mound, to which tradition, in reference to the above story, gave the name of the Lady’s Seat; and about half a mile to the southwest of the lonely loch, is an oblong bench, with a rising ground above, still called the Chieftain’s Grave.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE POLECAT.

THE length of the polecat, from the point of the nose to the insertion of the tail, is from seventeen to eighteen inches; the tail is short and bushy, measuring about three inches; the ears are short, round, and tipped with white. The ordinary colour is of a deep chocolate, sometimes nearly black; the sides are covered with hair of two colours, being darker at the tips, like the rest of the body, and the middle of a tawny hue.

The polecat is an active and nimble animal, and runs very fast by a succession of leaps, which is the only way it can make rapid progression, owing to the shortness of its legs. It can creep up the side of a wall with much agility. It inhabits woods or thick brakes, where it burrows under ground, forming a shallow retreat from two to three yards in length, generally terminating in a round chamber among the roots of trees. It seldom leaves its burrow during the day, being a nocturnal animal. It is very destructive to poultry, pigeons, young rabbits, and game of all kinds. Its thirst for blood is so excessive, that it usually kills many more than it can eat. A few pairs of them are sufficient to desolate a whole rabbit warren. During winter, the polecat frequents houses, barns, and other places connected with farm establishments, feeding on poultry, eggs, and milk.

This species is numerous in Britain, and most other parts of Europe. Lorraine, a province of France, is completely overrun with polecats, owing to some strange superstition of the inhabitants, who will not destroy them; so that there, and in the adjoining cantons, they have become a literal pest, and it is next to impossible to preserve poultry from their ravages. It is a superstitions but erroneous belief with these ignorant peasants that polecats will never destroy poultry in places where they reside, but extend their depredations to distant parts. This argument, however, although true, would but free them from those they foster, while they would suffer from the forays of those more remote.

The female polecat produces from three to six young ones in the beginning of summer. This usually takes place in the immediate neighbourhood of some farm; and they early accustom their progeny to the use of animal food.

The skin of the polecat, when properly manufactured, is a valuable fur, and especially when taken in the winter. It is, however, a difficult process to free the skins from their fetid and offensive odour.

Several of the old writers mention that the polecat will prey upon fish. The following confirmation of this fact is recorded in “Bewick’s Quadrupeds:”—During a severe storm, one of these animals was traced in the snow, from the side of a rivulet to its hole at some distance from it: as it was observed to have made frequent trips, and as other marks were to be seen in the snow which could not easily be accounted for, it was thought a matter worthy of greater attention. Its hole was, accordingly, examined, the polecat taken, and eleven fine eels were discovered to be the fruit of its nocturnal excursions. The marks in the snow were found to have been made by the motion of the eels in the creature’s mouth.

### THE WEASEL.

The body of the weasel is seven inches in length, and the tail only two inches and a half, ending in a sharp point. The height of the animal is little more than two inches and a half, consequently its length is nearly four times that of its height. Its usual colour is pale reddish brown on the back, sides, and legs; the throat and belly are white; on each side of the head, under the corners of the mouth, there is a brown spot; its ears are short and round, and its eyes small,

black, and sparkling; its whiskers are very long; and its teeth are exceedingly sharp, so that it bites with great keenness.

Although the weasel is but a slender animal, yet it is more than a match for the largest rat, to which he is a mortal enemy, and frequently proves extremely useful in ridding stack-yards and barns of this destructive vermin, as well as mice; on which account, its company is often courted by the farmer: it is even more useful than the cat in destroying rats, for, from the slender form of its body, it can pursue them into their holes, where they are soon killed. It is a destructive enemy to pigeons, as it creeps into the holes of a dovecot in the evening, and surprises its prey while they are asleep. In short, from the peculiar construction of its body, there are few situations it is incapable of reaching, as the sharpness of its claws enables it to clamber up an almost perpendicular wall.

The weasel is a lively and active animal, common in all parts of Britain; and being of a fierce and bold disposition, proves very destructive to farm-yards and warrens. It devours eggs with much voracity: in this operation it makes a small hole in the end of the egg, and sucks the contents out, leaving the shell entire. Rats, on the contrary, usually drag the eggs from the nest, and either break them to pieces, or make a large hole in them: from these distinctions, the farmer may readily guess which was the depredator.

It is said that the weasel prefers meat which has become partially putrid. Buffon, in illustration of its attachment to putrid substances, says, that a weasel, with three young ones, was taken out of the carcass of a wolf that had been hung on a tree by the hind feet. The wolf was almost entirely putrid, and the weasel had made a nest of leaves and herbage for her young in the thorax of the corrupt carcass.

The female brings forth in spring, and usually produces four or five at a litter. The young ones are blind at birth, but soon receive their sight, and are not long of being able to follow the dam in her predatory excursions.

The weasel is of a wild and untractable nature, being exceedingly difficult to tame. When kept in a cage, it seems in a perpetual state of agitation, is terrified at the sight of all who approach to look at it, and generally endeavours to hide itself beneath the straw, or other substances which may be at the bottom of its cage. There are, however, instances on record of weasels being completely domesticated.

Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, Mademoiselle de Laistre proves that in some instances it may be tamed. In a letter, she gives the following amusing account of it:—“If I pour some milk into my hand,” says she, “it will drink a good deal: but if I do not pay it this compliment, it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odour by perfumes. During day, it sleeps inside a quilt, which it enters by a place which is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered; at night, I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols it enters my bed, and reposes in my hand, or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth, like a little dog: leaping on my head, and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much astuteness and cunning to obtain any wished-for object; and it is so capricious at times as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, and immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I awake it, however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes its gambols, with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it mortally detests; in which case, it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to its voice when pleased. This little creature can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me; with its two little paws it frequently puts me on the chin, in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This, with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my intentions when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him; on these occasions, he will then conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and springs on me as I pass with astonishing quickness.

“This vivacity, agility, and voice, with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking, but since the cold set in, he has desisted from this practice, but has sometimes expressed this peculiar sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams.

“It seems extremely probable that the weasel slips

the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hands. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then it is in such a small way, that he appears only to do it to cool his tongue; for he evinced fear on several occasions when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavoured to get him to enter it to bathe himself; but this he would not do. I then dipped a piece of linen cloth in it, which seemed to afford him much pleasure by rolling himself on it, which he did frequently.

"The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer, or box, without his roving through every part of them; if even a piece of paper, or a book, is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to and survey, with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar; he will scamper over their necks, backs, and legs, without them offering him the slightest injury."

The following circumstance strongly illustrated the determined spirit of this little animal:—

"An eagle having seized a weasel, mounted into the air with its prey, and was soon after observed to exhibit symptoms of distress. Its little enemy had extricated itself so far as to be able to bite the eagle in the throat, and kept its hold with such pertinacity, that he soon brought the eagle to the ground, and the weasel, finding himself fairly on terra firma again, took care to make good his retreat."

On a fine summer evening, about thirty years ago, as Mr. Brown was returning from Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, by the Dalkeith road, he observed on the high ground at a considerable distance, betwixt and Craigmillar Castle, a man, who was leaping about, performing a number of antic gestures, more like those of a maniac than of a sane person. After contemplating this apparently absurd conduct, Mr. Brown began to think it might be some unfortunate maniac, and, climbing over the wall, made directly towards him; and when he got pretty near, he perceived that this man had been attacked, and was defending himself against the assault of a number of small animals, which he at first took for rats, but which, in fact, turned out, on getting closer, to be a colony of from fifteen to twenty weasels, which the unfortunate man was tearing from him, and endeavouring to keep from his throat. Mr. Brown joined in the combat, and, having a stick, contrived to hit several of them, and laid them lifeless. Seeing their numbers decreasing, the animals became intimidated, and speedily fled towards a rock hard by, and disappeared in its fissures. The gentleman was nearly overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, having been engaged in his struggle with the weasels, as far as he could guess, upwards of twenty minutes; and but for the fortunate and timely assistance of Mr. Brown, he said he must have inevitably fallen a victim to their fury, as he found himself quickly losing strength from the violence of his exertion. His chief attention was turned to keeping them from his throat, to which they seemed instinctively to direct their course. He was a powerful man, otherwise he must have sunk under their ferocity. He had squeezed two to death while tearing them from him. His hands were much bitten, and were streaming with blood from the wounds.

The account he gave of the commencement of the affray was, that he was walking slowly through the park, when he happened to see a weasel; he ran at it, and made several unsuccessful attempts to strike it with a small rattle he had in his hand. On its getting near the rock above mentioned, he got betwixt it and the animal, and thus cut off his means of retreat; the weasel squeaked aloud, when an instantaneous sortie was made by the whole colony, and the attack commenced.

#### LETTER FROM CANADA.

[The following well-written letter has been put into our hands by a gentleman of this city, and as it cannot fail to be of service to many of our readers, we readily afford it a place. It is the composition of a person who very lately emigrated to Canada.]

G—Brule, Township of M'Nab, Upper Canada, Jan. 13, 1833.

MY DEAR MOTHER—You'll no doubt have passed many an anxious hour about us since we left you, and I am sure it will afford you the greatest pleasure and consolation to hear that we are all in the very best health, and in all likelihood, in a short time, to have in this country every comfort we could desire.

I might have written to you sooner, but could not have done so so satisfactorily, for it is little more than a month since we were finally on our own land, and in our own house. We had about eight weeks' passage from Leith to Quebec; but, upon the whole, as comfortable a one as we could expect in so crowded a vessel. We left Quebec, the same day we arrived, by the steamer for Montreal, where we remained five days, waiting the sailing of the track-boats through the Lachine Canal. Mr. S—, to whom, you know, I had a letter of introduction, received me very kindly, and offered me the grant of 100 acres of land, in the lower province, free, if I chose to remain; or, if I preferred going to Niagara, he would recommend me to the situation of a book-keeper to a gentleman from that place, who was then at Montreal. We had steam navigation to Bytown, a distance of 120 miles from Montreal, and then, partly by land, but mostly by

canoes, a farther distance of 50 miles, to this township, where we arrived in the middle of August.

I met with a warm and hospitable reception from M'Nab. We remained with him until I fixed upon a lot of land, where there was a small clearance, and a house; but we had not been on this lot more than a month, when the former occupier made his appearance, and claimed the lot as his. He had verbally given it up, but as he held the location ticket, we were obliged to leave it, and accepted the invitation of our then next neighbour to remain with him until we fixed upon another lot. This person was then in the midst of his harvest, and we gave him what assistance we could, and were thus gaining a little knowledge of the customs of the country, and, at the same time, becoming better acquainted with the nature of the land. I was cautious in fixing upon another lot, and went through the greater part of the township before I did so. I at last selected the one upon which I am now sitting. This lot is what is here called a Brule, a French term, but completely adopted here, meaning a place that has been burnt. A Brule is the widest place of the forest. I have retained the name, and, in compliment to my mother, have prefixed her maiden name. It is customary for the settlers to give their lot a name, and it behoved me to do the same. It frequently happens that fires arise in the woods in this country; and seven years ago, six miles long, by three broad, of this township, was under fire, which has consumed a good deal of the timber; but the most of it is only killed, and, in the course of a few years, a great part of the hardwood is thrown down, and the under brush springing up. My Brule formed part of this burning, and last autumn, I mean the autumn of 1831, it was again under fire, so that now there is scarce a living tree upon the lot, and a deal of the timber consumed, and in many places of the rear there is scarcely a stump left; and I may have 20 or 30 acres under crop next spring, if I can procure a yoke of oxen and seed. The soil is a red clayey loam, lying mostly upon limestone, but partly upon a yellowish clay. The rear of the lot is a succession of gentle swelling banks, running across the lot till they terminate near the river Dochart, about 100 or 150 acres lower, where the land becomes a strong bluish marly clay. The land falls in the same manner again towards the Grand River; and as the neighbouring lots suffered also in the burnings, and my house being placed in the rear of the lot, I can see from it nearly a mile round me in all directions. I have hitherto spoken only of the lot I hold free; but upon settling on land here, two things are particularly to be considered, that is, firewood and water. I have plenty of excellent water on this lot. About the centre of it there is a fine running creek, that neither freezes in winter nor gets dry in summer; but I had no growing firewood, and the common estimate is, that a settler should retain for that purpose from 20 to 30 acres of growing wood. In these circumstances, it became necessary to obtain this; and as the chief\* held the lot in the rear of the one I have been speaking of in his own hands, he agreed to let me have it on the same terms as his other settlers—that is, after three years, to pay him a barrel and a half of flour per 100 acres; and as there is about 140 acres of it, you will see that I thus hold about 340 acres of land. There are from 30 to 40 acres of this lot adjoining the other one, also burnt in the same manner; but there is a point of it which the fire did not reach, that is within 500 yards of my house, which in a year or two I will have to resort to for firewood. The soil of this lot is somewhat like the other, and the finest part of it runs down to and overhangs the lake, commanding a fine view of the lake and of the opposite shores of Lower Canada. The lake opposite me is from one to two miles broad. The fire of 1831 left the greater part of my free lot quite bare; but in the course of last summer there sprang up a weed called Indian kale, the same plant that is cultivated with you as a garden flower, with which it is completely covered, and interspersed with young trees, which have already attained the height of two to three feet. Accidents have never happened to any of the settlers from these fires, as they never encroach upon the clearances. Where fire has run, or where a clearance has been made, and then left in a state of nature for four or five years, as was the case with six or eight acres of the lot I settled on first, there sprang up in the greatest profusion currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, plums, and white clover, which it appears are all indigenous to this country. I would have preferred placing my house upon the lot adjoining the lake, and close to the lake, where there is a fine flat of the finest soil covered entirely with hardwood, consisting of maple, beech, barwood, and oak, of about 50 acres in extent; but, in the meantime, I thought it more advisable to place it as nearly as possible in the midst of the greatest extent of my best and clearest land. In a few years this will become a valuable situation, as the summer after next it is expected a steam-boat will ply daily from Bytown to about 20 miles above this township. We saw this vessel building when on our way up, and she was finished in time to make a few trips last year to the Chate Rapid, 10 miles below us. These rapids have been surveyed, and a canal of three or four miles will be cut next spring, to avoid them; so that, in the course of another year or two, we will have a continued chain of steam-boats from Montreal to about 20 miles above us.

\* It is presumed that the chief of M'Nab is here meant.—Ed.

This township is as yet in its infancy, although it has been settled for about ten years. The settlers are only between fifty and sixty, and being mostly from the Highlands, and without capital or experience as farmers, they have made but little progress. Settlers in a new township have many and great difficulties to contend with at first, but the worst of these are now over here, and we may expect to make henceforth rapid improvement. Within the last two or three years, more enterprising men have settled on the township. Two or three of the old settlers, who have lots on the lake, have gained money by keeping taverns, where there is a very considerable trade from the number of lumbering parties on the Grand River and the Madawasee; and among the recent settlers are two Stirlingshire men, who keep a store, and are erecting extensive saw-mills at the mouth of the latter. These mills are nearly ready to commence operations, and, when ready, they commence the erection of a flour mill, a great want here at present; the settlers having to go to the neighbouring township to get their flour made. The most of the settlers who have been here a few years are in comfortable circumstances; for the last season or two, they have been able to procure the use of a yoke of oxen, by rearing them or otherwise, and have now from ten to thirty acres under crop. In addition to the yoke of oxen, they have in general from two to six milch cows, one or two couple of young steers, two or three young cows, half a score to a score of sheep, and a few of them have a horse or two, with pigs, and plenty of the finest poultry. During six months of the year, these animals cost them nothing, but are turned into the woods, where they feed luxuriantly, each settler's cattle generally keeping by themselves, and commonly take a circuit of three or four miles round the clearance. The only inconvenience of this is the trouble of searching for the cows to be milked twice a-day, or for the oxen, when they are wanted for work. The most docile cow has a bell put round her neck, and by the sound of this, or by their track, they are traced, for they have generally to be searched for, seldom coming home of themselves; and every man's cattle are allowed to graze where they please, except where the land is fenced, and a settler fences only his cleared land. The crops cultivated here are principally wheat, Indian corn and potatoes, with a little beer, rye, oats, pease, and turnip, as well as pumpkins, which are generally grown among the Indian corn. Timothy hay is also cultivated, and brings from £2 to £4 per ton. Wheat fetches about 5s., Indian corn 4s., oats 2s. 6d., potatoes 1s. 6d. per bushel; and those settlers who have any of these articles for sale find a ready market for them at these prices, principally to the lumberers, taken from their own doors. Many of the settlers take only half a lot, that is, 100 acres, and are entitled by their location ticket, as soon as they have done the settlement duties, namely, cleared 5 acres per 100, to claim a patent deed at their own expense, which costs about £2, and this entitles them to vote for a member of Parliament. There is a general meeting of the township held annually, on the first Monday of January, when all matters relative to the internal government of the township are agreed upon, and where we elect assessors, tax-collector, town-wardens, path-masters, town-clerks, &c., and at which M'Nab votes only as an individual, and has no control over the settlers, except as a justice of the peace.

(The remainder of this letter in the ensuing Number.)

#### THE NORWEGIANS.

Extreme poverty in some parts of Norway causes a paucity of articles that may be almost regarded as necessary to the comforts of life. In some houses the whole stock of utensils are—one large iron pot, an axe, one knife, and half a dozen wooden bowls and spoons. The severity of the climate obliges the people to sleep in their only room that has a fire-place, and in one large bed, like a deal box, into which they all creep; some straw is spread at the bottom, and sheep-skins serve for covering. They seem to have scarcely a fixed hour for sleep, but each gets in by day, as he finds himself tired. The swampy lands they labour in prevents the women's bare feet, or their miserable remnants of shoes and stockings, from ever being clean; but their tables, and what utensils they have, are generally spotless. Destitute as they are of every worldly comfort, two or three religious books are to be found in every house. The hope of the weary and heavy laden in every clime is not denied to these poor sojourners in the valley of tears.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.